

Montague.

Hog's Eye and Human.

HV2345

.M66

1927



AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

1472345
m
copy one


Forum, Aug. 1927.

c.1

HOG'S EYE AND HUMAN

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

*Scissor-cuts by
Martha Benslev Bruère*



WELL, Sirs! It's jest the truth, things happen so all outer the common in Tony Beaver's log camp up Eel River, that if a person don't mind and hold his eyes in place, they'll jest natcherally pop outer his head with looking at the things he'll see up thar, — it's a fact I'm telling you.

One time thar was a right pitiful thing happened jest on account of that very thing. There was a young feller come into Tony's log camp what had never been there afore. He was a good young man an' had been raised up real nice so he never teched licker ner chewed terbacker, ner cussed, ner nothing rough like that. He was kin to Brother Moses Mutters, that ole preacher what allus has had sech a turrible tussle saving the souls of them rough hands in Tony's crew. He'd worked so hard, and had sech poor returns, that at last he sent fer the young feller I'm telling you of to come help him out.

NOTE — In the lumber camps all over the country there is the tradition of a superlumberman who performs incredible feats. He is generally known as Paul Bunyan, but in West Virginia he goes by the name of Tony Beaver, and has his camp up "Eel River" where all the impossible things happen.

Time and again I have met persons who are confused by the mass psychology which regards wealth as a downright bar sinister, — and which nevertheless makes an exception in Ford's favor. The reason? It is that, whether or not his fortune strikes the popular fancy, the modest luxury which his factories endlessly turn out exerts a hypnotic power. "Riding" has always been associated with leisure and riches, but it is an everyday matter now for everybody, — thanks to him. Humanity's gains from the lavish endowments established by other rich men are too abstract for the man in the street. But ask any street urchin what "all the king's horses" amount to in comparison with a battered flivver!

I must not be understood to mean that Wilson was looking for an ally or an aid. He wanted a principal. He knew that the Wilson views, as such, had no chance. He knew, toward the end, that to broadcast them, politically or otherwise, was useless. He knew that the Democratic party was again facing a period of disfavor. What Wilson required was a new spokesman of the people. In Ford he was sure he would have one. From what I know and from what I surmise, I venture to say that Woodrow Wilson passed on with many thoughts and plans unspoken. We must not forget that the circle of intimates had been recast many times between 1918 and 1923. Woodrow Wilson had reached the point where he could not save Woodrow Wilson except by throwing his old crew overboard and signing up a new one.

In 1923 the campaign of 1924 looked as if it were going to be one that would brook no confidences. Wilson knew well that outside knowledge of the little coup that he was planning would spell disaster. The outsiders would have spoiled it, too, for they had everything to lose. Wilson had many scores to settle, in his party and out of it. A "Ford for President" boom would have enabled him to stage the most dramatic episode of his dramatic career. Death alone prevented it. But it still remains to be seen whether the Ford balloon is definitely and permanently punctured. Signs are not wanting that in the campaign of 1928, Henry Ford will be worth the consideration of any party that cares to draft him. Whether Coolidge will run again, nobody knows except Coolidge; but even if he does, I believe "Hank" would beat "Cal" if by any chance they both were candidates.

Well, that young man, he come in all fired up with salvation, and expecting to save souls jest hand over fist. Poor feller! Little he knowed what *he* was heading fer!

Big Henry and the Sullivan feller was the first of Tony Beaver's hands to sight him. They was out at the edge of camp, lopping up a felled hickory, when all at once they heered some one singing, and d'rectly here come the young feller, pacing down the trail to camp. He was all rigged out in a black suit, mighty nice and pious, with a hymn book in front of him, and every now and agin he'd take a eyeful of words outer the book and throw back his head and beller 'em up to the sky. He'd come along, looking and singing, looking and singing, in that jerky way, more like some kind of a machine than a human, and Big Henry and the Sullivan feller, they jest looked and looked with all the looks they had.

"It ain't a real human," says Big Henry slapping his hat back on his head, "but dogged if it ain't the best imitation I ever seen!"

"It sure is good," says Jack Sullivan. "I reckon it must be one of Henry Ford's new machines, — ain't it a sight what that feller'll invent!"

The stranger was up right close to 'em by now, so he snaps shut his book, jerks it under his arm, and shoots out his hand to Big Henry.

"Good-evening-Brother,-aire-you-saved?" he says like it was all one word.

"Hey, that's good! How did you git it to do that?" says the Sullivan feller, looking acrost at Big Henry.

"Darned if I know, — must of teched a spring somewheres," Big Henry tells him.

"Make it do it ergin," says Sullivan.

"If I kin find the spring," says Big Henry, turning the young feller round like he was looking for somep'n. "Do you reckon it's got a self-starter, or do you have to crank the thing?"

"Yer got to crank it, — this erway," says Sullivan, putting his fist erginst the young feller's nose, what was kinder large and anxious looking, and making out like he was grinding it.

"It's good all right," says Big Henry walking around the stranger and looking and looking. "I wonder have they thought of everything? Hey, have a chaw?" he says, pulling out his plug of

terbacker. The young feller sure was put to it to know what they was up to, but he runs true all right. "I thank you, Brother," he answers mighty genteel, "but I do not use terbacker in any form, and I have never indulged in intoxicating lickers."

Big Henry and Sullivan fell back like somep'n had hit 'em in the eye. "Oh doggone it!" says Big Henry, "ain't it a *shame* to ruin a good piece of machinery like that! Any fool on the job could've tole Henry Ford not to put no sech words as them into the works if he was aiming to pass it off fer human."

The young feller was gitting right oneasy by now. He swallowed some, an' his Adam's apple run up and down his throat like it was hunting a way to git out, and git on home. "I, — I fail to understand you, Brothers," he says.

"That's better," says Big Henry. "I fail to understand you, Brothers, — did you git what it said?"

"Make it say it ergin," says Sullivan.

"No, let's take it on back to camp and have some fun with the fellers. We kin easy make 'em think it's human if we kin keep it off them fool words erbout terbacker and intoxicating licker. We better tote it to save the gasoline. You ketch aholt of its legs now —"

"Hold on, Brothers, hold on!" says the young feller, backing back from 'em with his Adam's apple running up and down worse'n ever, fer he could see he wa'n't heading fer no easy ride. But jest erbout that time Tony Beaver hisself come moseying down the trail, and you better b'lieve Big Henry and Sullivan dropped the young feller in a hurry and made out they was working mighty hard, for they knowed doggoned well Tony don't 'low no meanness to strangers in his camp.

The young feller picks hisself up and steps over to Tony. "Mr. Beaver, I b'lieve," he says mighty polite.

Tony looks him all up and down fer quite er spell. "Well," he says, "it's easy to see *you'd* b'lieve 'most anything." Then he rounds on the tother two. "Hey!" he bawls. "Why ain't that hickory lopped up by now?"

"Aw, we was jest killing a little time with the stranger," Big Henry says, making the chips fly.

"Killing time was you? Then why in thunder ain't you gathered it up? You know mighty well I don't 'low no time killed 'round here less'n it's gathered up and sto'ed away afterwards."

That's true too, fer if there's one thing Tony handles diff'runt from most folks, it's time. He don't never let what the hands kills go to waste. He has it all gathered up and put erway mighty keerful erginst the day they'll need it. I dunno how the feller does it, but it sure is a handy trick, fer if he gits into a push to finish a job, all he has to do is to fetch out a sack o' time and, hold and below! — the thing'll be done an' finished mebbe a whole week ahead. An' if any hand's late fer dinner say, he jest has to reach in his pocket and haul out a handful o' time, and, — *Swish!* 'stead of being mid-day it's sun-up, — a fact I'm telling you.

Yes, Sirs! It's a handy trick all right, but jest the same it was right then and thar all the trouble got started for that poor young feller. The minute he heered Tony tell the hands to gather up time they'd wasted, his eyes commenced to pop, and when he seen them fellers running round doing it, — and it's the truth ther was nigh a peck or so of it, — his eyes got to bulging more and more, twill d'rectly when Jack Sullivan scoops up the last little five minutes what was hunkering down under a frogstool, *Smack!* One of the poor feller's eyes popped right outer his head like a cork outer a pop bottle! And *Great Day in the morning!* 'Fore he seen it, Big Henry tromped down on the thing, and mashed it right inter Kingdom Come! Yes, awful things happen jest that quick.

Well, Sirs, all hands felt turrible bad at that. They gathered up the blamed thing, and tried to squoze it back inter shape, but pshaw! When Big Henry tromps on a person's eye, it jest ain't no more 'count fer nothing.

The poor young feller sets down on the felled hickory, and ketched aholt of his head. "Don't let me see nothing more in this turrible place," he moans, "or I'll loose the tother eye."

Well, while they was all standing around mighty outdone and trying to figger out what was to do next, — *Pough!* They heered a gun crack.

"Oh my soul! What's happening now!" the poor young feller hollers out, giving a great jump.

"Aw, that ain't nothing but the cook killing hogs," says Big Henry ca'ming him down.

"*Thar now!* That's the very trick!" Tony Beaver sings out, hitting his pants leg a great smack. With that he put out fer

camp and was back ergin so quick a person couldn't hardly git out, "*Thar* he goes!" 'fore he had to holler, "*Here* he comes!" And dogged if he hadn't fatched a fresh hog's eye with him!

"Here!" he says. "If anything'll fit the hole, this will, fer it's the truth a hog's eye is the nighest thing to a human eye there is." With that he h'ists up the young feller's lid, and pops in the hog's eye, and dogged! if it didn't settle into the hole jest as pretty as a bird on its nest!

"Thar now! That'll fix you fine," Tony says, all swelled up over his own smartness. "Don't mind taking it, son," he says, fer he could easy see the young feller was mighty conscientious. "It ain't no manner o' use to the hog no more, and he'll be proud to pass it on to you." With that he ties up the young feller's eyes, and tuck him on back to camp. Thar he kep' him in the dark fer quite a spell, twill the hog's eye felt as natcheral in his head as his own did. Then, mighty proud of hisself, Tony calls all hands together to see the great miracle he's worked. Furst he onkivered the real eye, and that was still on the job, doing business jest like it allus had. Then he tied that up and onkivered the hog's eye, and darned if the young feller couldn't see with that one, too!

"Now then," says Tony, all wropt up in his own glory, "this is the furst time in history that a hog's eye has ever worked in a human head. It'll be somep'n fer you great Jim-bruisers to brag about seeing all the rest of your lives." With that he onkivers both eyes with a grand flourish, and all hands ketched aholt of their breath ready to bu'st it out in a great hullabaloo. But no, Sir! Tony wa'n't as smart that time as he thought he was, for with both eyes open the young feller couldn't see nothing at all. Leastways he couldn't see nothing right. Everything was double or upside down, and which erway, for it seemed like hog and human jest natcherally *couldn't* pull together. Tony was clean outdone. He turned the feller all erbout, hither and yon, and even stood him on his head for a spell, but nothing he could do could git the two shuck down so's they'd work together.

"Well," he says at last, trying to make out it was what he'd expected all along, "jest give them eyes time, and they'll pull together as nice as a pair of ole work horses." But time didn't help none, fer at the end of a right smart spell, hog's eye and human was jest as crisscross with one another as they'd been the first

minute they was onkivered. By then too it was plain to see Tony hadn't done that poor young feller no kindness, for not only his two eyes wouldn't pull together, but seemed like he was sorter busted in two hisself. When he looked through his human eye, he was jest like he allus had been, all sail set for salvation and mightily consarned about his soul. But *Who-ee!* Jest let him squint through that ole hog's eye, and, — well, he wa'n't like nothing he'd ever been afore!

Of course, anybody would know a hog don't view the world like a human. What a hog sees I can't tell you all, for I jest natcherally don't know and I never was no hand to make up a tale and pass it off for truth. But though none of them Eel River hands knowed what he seen, and the young feller hisself couldn't, — or mebbe it was *wouldn't*, — tell 'em, still and all, they could git a right good notion of what it was by the way he carried on, — and it's a fact, plenty of them hands 'lowed they wished they had a hog's eye too!

For one thing he allus favored his hog's eye when it come to eating time, — and I wished you could of seen the vittles that feller'd put away then! And *drink*, — well I'm for temperance myself, so I wouldn't whet your thirst by telling you what that young feller could pour down.

More'n that, with his human eye he was kinder soured against the world, for he knowed life was but a desert drear and heaven was his home, like the hymn book says. But jest let him git his hog's eye open, and dogged if this world right here and now wa'n't all the heaven he 'peared to crave. His face got to changing, too. With his hog's eye open, it was all twinkled up mighty cheerful; but with his natcheral eye, it was all drooped down to a desert drear. It sure was pitiful to see a person busted clean in two that away! The fellers got to calling him all sorter fool names like Pig and Pious and Piggy Pi and all like that, 'cause they 'lowed half of him was pig and tother was pious. They even uster holler at him

Hey Brother, hey!
Aire you pig or pi to-day?

Well, finally, all hands in the Eel River crew jest got wore out having such a miserable, busted in two human laying round camp, and they come to Tony and ast him please to straighten things

out. They said they didn't have a thing in the world erginst hogs and course they didn't have nothing erginst humans, but half hog and half human was jest more'n they'd stand for. Tony he 'lowed the onliest thing he could think of to do was to bust out one eye, seeings as the two couldn't git on together.

"Which eye do you favor, son?" he asts him. "Will you be a hog, or will you be a human?"

Well, now, I reckon anybody would think the young feller would've spoke right up and said, course he'd be a human, but 'stead of that he puts his head in his hands and bu'sts out with a turrible groan.

"It's awful to be a hog," he says, "and yit someway I kinder like it."

"Sure you like it!" says Big Henry. "Any feller 'ud rather be a hog than the kind of human you was. I cert'nly am sorry I never got really acquainted with that hog twill he was ham," he says. "He sure muster been a regular, two-fisted Jim-bruiser, fer jest the little of him what's left has come pretty nigh making a real man out of a imitation."

But ole Brother Moses Mutters, the preacher feller, was all tore up over it. "A hog!" he bellers out. "Do I hear a human being, the noblest work of God, saying he craves to be a hog?"

"You do, Brother, you do," says the young feller, all twinkled up, 'cause he was looking at the preacher outer his hog's eye.

"Ain't a hog a work of God?" says Big Henry, bristling up, 'cause he's sorter built on the hog plan hisself.

"Think, my brother! Think of your immortal soul!" the ole preacher hollers. "Shet up that wicked ole hog's eye, and open your right one, and you'll see that hell is lapping at yer feet!"

The young feller opened his human eye, and all the hog twinkle went outer him, and he fell into a desert drear. "Aw, my soul!" he sniffles, shaking now more like the jelly for Sunday dinner than like a human.

"Hell is waiting for you, hell is gapping for you!" Brother Moses Mutters singsongs out at him.

"Here, this ain't no way to settle nothing!" Tony Beaver bu'sts in, 'cause he seen the question was gitting too hot to handle, like any question what has to do with hell is sure to git. "Everybody simmer down now," he says, "and let the young feller shet

up both eyes, and think the thing out in the dark of his own head for hisself." But that didn't do no good neither, for when he set in the dark and studied furst on being a hog, and then on being a human, he jest *couldn't* say which he favored.

"Well," says Tony, "it's too much for one feller to settle all alone, so we'll jest have to call a meeting and all hands take a vote on it." The young feller was satisfied with that. "I'll leave it to you all," he says. "If you decide I'm to be a hog," he says, all twinkled up, "I promise you I'll be jest the best hog I kin. And if it comes out I'm to be a human, why I reckon I'll jest have to be one," he says, preparing for the worst. So the fellers seen whichever way the vote come out, they wouldn't have no call to be ashamed of the young feller, for he sure was aiming to do his very best, hog or human. But it was a right solemn question, and Tony tole 'em all they got to take a couple of days to think it over. Well, if there's one thing them Eel River hands hates worse'n another it's thinking, — it allus makes 'em sweat so. And the more they thought, the more kinked up their thoughts 'peared to git. They run the thing sorter like it was a campaign, and them two eyes was the candidates. Some fellers was for pig, and some was for pi, and some jest didn't know *what* they was for.

Well, when voting day come round, all hands washed up and put on clean shirts, and some even went so far as to shave, but even *that* didn't straighten out their thoughts none. They opened with speeches and voted afterwards. Big Henry tuck the stand furst. He ain't nothing but a right rough hand, with no flow of language at all, 'cept when it comes to cussing, but he knowed what he stood for and he sure did speak to the p'int that time. He h'ists hisself up on a big gray rock and commences, "Ladies and gentlemen,—"

"They ain't no ladies present," says the Sullivan feller, acting smart, 'cause he was mad at not being called on to speak hisself.

"Nor no gentlemen neither," says Big Henry, cutting a mighty dangerous eye at the tother, "but it'll be best for all hands to act like they was. Ladies and gentlemen," he sets out ergin, "I will be brief —"

"The briefer the better," says the Sullivan feller, rolling up his sleeves.

"I will be brief, and say briefly I AM FOR THE HOG!" says

Big Henry, and with that he makes one jump fer the Sullivan feller, and the meeting comes to a halt twill they could get the two prized apart. After that Ole Brother Moses Mutters tuck the stand. "Hell is waiting for you, hell is gapping for you," he sings out. Them words 'peared to be the key he wound hisself up with, and in 'nother pair of seconds it seemed like the air was shooting blue blazes. "Don't you know," he bawls, "there ain't nothing in this world the ole devil loves better'n a human with a hog's eye. Oh, my poor brother! You aire standing upon slippery steeps while fiery billows roll beneath your unhallowed feet!"

Hearing that, all hands went mighty weak in the spine of their backs, feeling turrible oneasy for the poor young feller. They could've stood it fer him, mebbe, but d'rectly the ole preacher rounded on them too. "Cast your vote to make a human inter a hog," he bawls at them, "and the devil will shoot you all to hell on the same skidway!"

Well, Sirs! At that all hands sets up a turrible yammering, and sniffing, wiping they noses acrost they sleeves and hollering at Tony to let 'em off voting. Tony he jumps up on the gray rock and tells 'em to quit that foolishness. Then he lays it out to 'em that the question wa'n't what would happen in the next world, but what was happening right now in this. "When he gits acrost to the tother side," he says, "the hog's eye will go on back to the hog where it belongs, and the human eye, what's waiting for him, will come on back to him, and the hog will be a complete hog, and the human will be a human, and," he says right sarcastic, "I reckon they'll know over thar how to handle the two of 'em, without no help from the Eel River crew. You all leave the next world alone and try to fix things up in this. If you think he's a better hand as a hog, — " (*"He is!"* Big Henry bawls) "then vote fer hog. And if you think he's better as a human, — " (*"He ain't!"* Big Henry bellers) "then vote fer human, but fer the world's sake, git it settled one way or tother."

But doggone it! When they tuck the vote it come out a dead tie, so thar they was all sweated up fer nothing and no nigher to settling the thing than they was afore. The poor young feller was nigh distracted. He couldn't make up his own mind, and now seemed like the fellers couldn't make it up fer him. "Oh, *can't* you

git both eyes to pull together?" he says to Tony. "Course I don't want to be a out 'n' out hog, but seems like if I could jest keep a little dash o' hog, I'd be a better human."

"Ain't that the truth!" says Big Henry.

"Well," says Tony, "I reckon you're right, for you sure was mighty soured on the world 'fore that ole hog opened your eye, as you might say. There's jest one thing that'll mebbe git them two eyes satisfied with one another, but you'll have to give me time to fix it up."

"All right, I'll leave it to you," says the young feller mighty trustful. So all hands lef' it to Tony, and the young feller kept right on like he was half hog, and half human, and nothing didn't happen fer quite a spell. Well, there was a widder woman living not far from camp. She had a whole parcel o' mighty fine young gals what she was aiming to raise up nice. One day, the young feller seen two o' these gals coming along the trail to camp with their mammy, and you better b'lieve he opened both eyes, hog *and* human, for they sure was somep'n to look at. It seemed like they was all jest out fer a little stroll and happened to camp to say howdy to Tony. Tony was mighty nice and polite, like he is with ladies, and d'rectly he hollered for the young feller and made him acquainted with 'em all. The gals sure was interested in him 'count of his two eyes. They made him open first one and then the tother and ast him all sorter questions. The young feller sure liked the way they looked at him. It made him feel all swelled up, like a mighty big Mister Somebody.

"I reckon I must be the onliest man in the whole world with a hog's eye in his head," he says, kinder strutting round inside of hisself.

"I reckon you aire," says one o' the gals, looking mighty big eyed at him.

"But that ain't so outer the common, for most men folks has *somep'n* of the hog about 'em," the tother gal says mighty up and coming, her tongue being right quick on the trigger. But though the young feller showed off and tole the gals a heap, there was one right strange thing he never let on about, and that was that when he looked with his hog's eye he could only see one gal, and when he looked with his human, he could only see tother. It was jest when he looked with both eyes he could see the two of 'em, and that

didn't do him no good for, 'course, then he seen everything topsyturvy and ever' which way.

The women folks didn't stay long, but after that you jest couldn't keep that young feller outer the holler where them gals lived at. They sure treated him nice, too, and it would o' been all right if he could of jest got the gals straightened out, and been able to see 'em both at oncet, so's he figger out which one he favored. They looked enough alike to be twins, but they sure was different in character. The one he seen with his human eye was mighty sweet and quiet, the kinder gal a man could put his trust in; but the one he seen with his hog's eye was all for laffing and dancing, — mighty fly-up-the-creek and gay. The first was the gal his Mammy would've liked to see him marry, but the tother was the one he would o' liked to marry hisself. Still and all, he was mightily taken with 'em both. So thar he was, the poor feller! In a worse fix'n ever. He not only couldn't git hisself straightened out, but now, doggone it! he'd fell in love with two gals at oncet! And even with his hog's eye open, he knowed he couldn't marry 'em both.

Well then, after a right smart spell o' that, there come a mighty pretty Spring evening, when it seemed like the daylight jest couldn't take itself away. The hands was all laying around on the grass after supper, kinder tasting over how hard they'd worked, feeling mighty proud and satisfied, and liking the whole world. D'rectly they all heered voices, and when the young feller looked, he seen the widder woman and them two gals coming along down the trail to camp. As he watched them gals stepping along and stepping along, over the grass and little, gray rocks, with their skirts swish-swashing at the branches alongside o' the path, somep'n 'peared to bust wide open in him, and it seemed like they was walking down to him right out o' creation. But still for the life of him he couldn't tell which one was his'n.

The tother fellers all jumped up, brushed theyselves off, slicked theyselves down and 'lowed it was jest the very evening fer a dance. So Tony fatched out his Jew's harp, and commenced picking out a mighty lively little tune, *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* All hands made a rush fer the gals, but the young feller seen with his human eye that one of 'em wouldn't dance, but when he looked with his hog's eye the tother was danc-

ing fit to kill, swinging away with first one hand, and then another. The poor young feller set down on a log feeling mightily outer it, and scan'lized too, fer he'd been raised to think dancing was a sin. With his human eye he seen the quiet sister not fur off alooking at him mighty close and cur'ous. Somep'n in him wanted to go set 'longside o' her, but somep'n else in him wanted to dance with the tother so bad, he jest had to shet up both eyes and take a strangle holt on his soul fer to save it.

All the time he was setting thar Tony kep' spicking on his Jew's harp, and that wicked little *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* run all 'round in the dark of the young feller's head like a flash o' quicksilver, making his soul jest natcherally scratch gravel to git erway from it.

D'rectly he sensed all hands had quit dancing and was standing 'round him, kinder holding themselves together like thar was a big laff coming, and they was waiting fer it to bust.

The young feller peeps up with his hog's eye, and thar was the lively sister standing in front of him and holding out her pretty hands.

"Come on, dance, honey," she says mighty soft, and *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!* Tony's harp says mighty gay and wicked. All hands was patting and stomping, and that little tune did h'ist the young feller half way up on his feet, but then he bust out, "Aw my soul!" and flops down ergin. "Whar's yer sister?" he asts the dancing gal, mighty desperate, and hoping tother would save him.

"I don't see her nowheres," she says, making out she was looking all 'round, and at that all hands comes nigh busting the sky wide open hollering and laffing.

The young feller opens his human eye, and right thar was tother gal standing near by, not saying nothing, but still looking at him mighty close and cur'ous, and like she was waiting fer somep'n.

"What about my soul?" the young feller bawls out to her, for someway she seemed more like his Mammy than his sweetheart.

"What about yer *heart?*" she shoots right back at him, not stirring a finger to help and still waiting and watching.

Well, it was plain she wa'n't going to turn her hand over fer him, — ain't it a sight the way gals will treat a poor feller! So he

shets up his human eye and looks with his hog's, and thar was the other sister still holding out her pretty hands to him.

"Honey, I'm waiting," she says.

Plinketty-plunk! Plink! Plunk! says the tune.

Well, Sirs! the young feller jumps up to his feet, and lets fly the *awfulest* words he ever had spoke. "*Doggone* my soul!" he hollers. With that he ketches aholt of his gal, and the two of 'em went dancing away, climbing up that little tune, like they was climbing up the golden stairs, and every step was *Plinketty-plink! Plunk! Plink! Plinketty-plunk!*

All hands sets up a turrible shout, and ole Brother Moses Mutters fell over like he was dead, but them two kep' right along dancing up the golden stairs, twill fin'ly Tony Beaver quit juicing on his Jew's harp, and then seeings as there wa'n't no more *Plinketty-plunks* to climb, they landed back on earth ergin.

"Come on now!" the young feller hollers out, holding on to his gal, and all fired up. "Soul or no soul, I'll take the hog's eye! So come on, fellers, an' bust out the tother!"

But at that the gal flings her arms 'round his neck right tight. "Hole on, honey! Hole on!" she says. "I don't want 'em to do nothing to you!"

"But I can only see you with my hog's eye," he tells her.

"But I dunno's I want a hog fer a husband," she says. "An' anyhow, what erbout yer soul?"

The young feller looks down at her, and all to oncet somep'n peared to bust in his head. "Honey!" he says, "I've done found it! Dogged if I didn't find my soul fer the first time in all my life when I lost my heart!"

The gal give a kind of funny laff what had a ketch in it. "That was all I wanted yer to know, honey," she says, looking at him mighty wise and deep, more like she was his Mammy than his sweetheart.

"When yer loose yer heart, yer find yer soul!" the young feller kep' saying over, like big news had struck him.

"Boy," says Tony Beaver, "them's the first real words you've spoke since you hit this camp. That soul o' yourn never was wurth the powder to blow it off er stump twill right this minute. Open both eyes now. Mebbe I got 'em fixed so's they'll pull together at last."

HOG'S EYE AND HUMAN

So the young feller opens both eyes, and looks erbout, and d'rectly he bawls out, "I kin see! I kin see jest fine! Hog and human's pulling together all right!"

"Then look at yer gal! Look what you've done ketched!" all hands yells at him, haw-hawing, slapping they pants legs and carrying on fit to kill. The young feller looks down, and hold and below! Thar he was hugging both sisters, fer they was one and the same gal, and had been all erlong, only course when his eyes was crisscrossed they looked like they was double.

"Have I got yer both!" he hollers, all dumbfounded.

"Yes, honey," the gal says to him. "You'll jest have to take us both, fer I reckon I'm what all gals aire, part devil and part human, and less'n you take us both, you'll never keep them two eyes working right, ner see the world straight."

Well, Sirs! After that, looked like the young feller was balanced jest right, fer he had enough hog in him to be human, and enough human to hole the hog down, and that away he come to be jest the finest preacher all up and down Eel River, and cl'ar out inter the Levels.

And *that's* the whole er that, — lock, stock, an' barr'l, hog's eye and human!



ON THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT

Forum Medical Series — V

LEONARD DARWIN

IS the human race deteriorating? Major Leonard Darwin, son of the great Evolutionist, is far too cautious a scientist to assert definitely that any such deterioration is taking place. But he does believe that all signs point in one direction, and that new discoveries may be expected to confirm the signs already so alarming. Any change for the worse in the general human average will be insidious because it will be so slow. The remedy lies in the scientific application of eugenic principles.

TO raise the average qualities of mankind in the future either by relatively increasing the number of individuals of superior types, or by decreasing those endowed with inferior natural qualities, — this is the aim of eugenics. The hope that social progress may thus be promoted is generally held to be an outcome of modern biological theories, and therefore to be a quite novel aspiration. In my opinion, however, eugenics is, or ought to be, founded on common sense quite as much as on scientific generalizations; and as our generation can not, to say the least, claim a monopoly of common sense, it is not really surprising to find that eugenic proposals have occasionally been made from time immemorial.

The following passage from the Greek poet, Theognis, written some twenty-five hundred years ago, is quoted in many books on this subject: "We look for rams, asses, and horses of good stock and we believe that good will come from good; yet a good man does not fear to wed the daughter of an evil father if he do but give her much wealth. . . . Marvel not that the stock of our nation is tarnished." Plato's wild schemes, to which the term "stock-yard methods" may not unfitly be applied, are also well known. It will only be when persistent and systematic attempts are made to promote racial progress by schemes consistent with both science and common sense that we shall be able to claim that we are entering on new ground.

No doubt the words "science" and "common sense" have often had somewhat different meanings attached to them, and it may be as well, therefore, to state what they are intended by me to cover. Science is here used to indicate the study of all the links



